

THE WHISTLING MOTHER

the chance. I hadn't had time to write much about it, but I could talk fast enough, and I did; and she listened—well, she listened just exactly as another fellow would. I mean—you didn't have to colour the thing, or shave off anything, or fix up any dope to ease it for her, because you knew she wanted it straight. So, naturally, you gave it to her straight—which is much the best way, if people only realized it—for it's all got to come out in the end. And when I was through, what do you suppose she said? Just about the last thing you'd expect any mother to say:

“It's all perfectly great, and I don't wonder you want to go. Why, if you didn't want to go, Jack, I should feel that I'd been the wrong sort of mother.”

Now, honestly, do you blame me? I looked down at her—I'm a good deal